

Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY OCTOBER 4, 1921.

N 1111

PROMINENT MINISTER PASSES.

End Comes to the Useful Life of
Eld. F. J. Barger Sunday
Afternoon.

MANY ATTEND THE FUNERAL RITES.

The death of Eld. F. J. Barger, which occurred last Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock was not a surprise to his wife, sons and friends, as it was known that he was in a very critical condition. It was known for some time that he was afflicted with a chronic trouble, but the true nature of his trouble was not known until a few weeks ago when he went to Louisville and was examined by a specialist, who informed him that it was not necessary to operate, and he returned home. A little later his immediate family was informed that he had a cancer. If we are informed correctly it was near the neck of the bladder. Mr. Barger was not told at the time of his real condition, and the family knew that it was only a question of a short time when death would come.

Eld. Barger would have been 69 years old had he lived until the 26th day of next December. He was born and reared at Esto, Russell county, and was known from his early manhood to be an honorable and useful citizen, one who had many staunch friends. He was a son of Col. D. B. Barger, who was one of the leading lights of Russell county.

When the subject of this writing became of age, he decided to practice medicine, but after reading for several years, he gave up that idea, and decided to become a minister in the Christian Church. Just how long he preached the writer is not informed, but he knows for a great many years. He was a man of ideas and he freely expressed his opinion when necessary to make it known. He was ever ready to denounce lawlessness, standing for the right upon all occasions.

About fifteen years ago he became a citizen of Adair county, besides preaching having his farm cultivated.

He was a man who will be greatly missed, and his devoted companion and dutiful sons have lost their best friend.

The funeral services were conducted at the Christian church Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Eld. Z. T. Williams, a lifelong friend, officiating, assisted by other ministers. There were many friends present to pay their last respects to an honorable and highly respected man.

Besides his wife, he leaves two sons, Ores and E. B. Barger, three sisters, Mrs. Jesse L. Murrell, Mrs. Sam Collins, Russell county, Mrs. Joshi Godbey, Casey county, one brother, Mr. Julius Barger, who lives in Anna, Texas, and who has not been in this country for thirty-five years or more.

The interment was in the city cemetery, and there were many flowers.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a poll will be opened and an election held in Sparksville, precinct No. 12, on the regular election day, November 1921, to ascertain the will of the voters on the question as to whether or not they wish Cattle or any specie thereof to run at large on the public highways and uninclosed lands of said precinct. Witness my hand this Sept. 28th, 1921.

Attest S. C. Neat, Clerk, A. C. C. 50-4c

Dr. B. J. Bollu, who removed to Boyle county, has returned to his former home, Glenville, and will resume his practice at that place. The doctor does not think there is any better territory for his practice than Adair county.

See my high-grade Potash Fertilizer. S. McKinley, Columbia, Ky. 50-2t

For Good.

[BY A. L. MUZZEY.]

Ah, ye whose best endeavors
By many ills are crossed,
Because you are unrewarded
Do you think your labor lost?
The husbandman in the seed time
Soweth o'er hill and plain;
But another may reap his harvest
And gather his golden grain.
The dead rose keeps its fragrance,
The warmth goes not with the sun,
The good that we do lives after
The toils of life are done.

Courage, O, faltering pilgrim
Upon the King's highway,
To-morrow will be the brighter
For the darkness of to-day!
What if the night-time find you
With Apollo still unslain—
Because you have failed to conquer,
Do you think you fought in vain?
What if good Christian had yielded
When he lost his faithless sword—
In the Celestial City
Would he have praised his Lord?

Woman, whose son has fallen
In freedoms valiant fight,
Question not that his sacrifice
Furthered the cause of Right.

A life for honor given
No earthly tongue may laud,
But it speaks like a silver trumpet
In the judgment hall of God!
He with the saints and martyrs,
At the marriage feast shall sit,
With the name of the Lord, his Master,

In His shining forehead writ.
But God's ways are not our ways,
And we grope with senses dim,
In the blind, bewildering passes
That lead us up to Him.

And ever his providences
Are so misunderstood,
That we see in present evil
No trace of coming good
Do ye mind how the unbelievers
Railed at the Lord that day,
When like a lamb to the slaughter,
They saw Him led away!

But for the blood of His martyrs,
Flowing in crimson rain,
The seed of His word in darkness
Forever might have lain.

God, in whose reaching vision
A thousand years is a day,
For the good that He deviseth
Openeth up a way.

And excellence is never
Attained by paths of ease;
We climb unto perfection
By painful, slow degrees.
Shall we, so poor in knowledge,
God's wisdom disavow?
We shall know in the hereafter
What we dimly guess at now.

This poem was published in *Arthurs Magazine* in 1863. Doubtless it has soothed many who had become heart sick over the ways of the world. Hundreds of times have I read it—sometimes being soothed by it. Some times when I put aside the book the thought would be so much I can not understand. Are noble hearts predestined to suffer? Was "Fannie Fern" right when she wrote—"He who has most of heart has most of sorrow."

The most audacious rogue often accumulates the largest fortunes. I hear someone say "A man without money is poor—but a man with nothing but money is still poorer." True: But look how the world looks at moneyed men: Tho' he may have obtained his wealth by the most fraudulent means, this being well known. Yet he is rich.

He basks in the smiles of fortune, rises in the world, tho' totally devoid of merit—and passes thro' life honored, loved and flattered. Some may say that by some they are understood. That there is always a "Hall Mark," that tells on folks. But look at the churches of God! There are exceptions to every rule. And to the following there are exceptions—noble exceptions. But how often those who pay the most to the church are the ones most honored by the ministers. Sometimes these donors are worthy people—giving from the purest motives—having acquired their possessions by altogether just dealing. Or it having been bequeathed to them by honest parents.

I came across the following in an old book.

"With what grateful reverence do we, who are advancing in years look back to the teachers of our childhood! And if, perchance, there was one more faithful than the rest—one to whom it may be, we owe much of what we are today, how lovingly is his name embalmed! God bless all faithful teachers! Next to Him and our parents, do we owe them most of our full hearts gratitude."

Such is often the case, but not always I knew such a teacher. One pupil specially interested her. Because of her superior mind—studiousness—and lady like deportment. This teacher was willing to sacrifice time, rest, etc., for the aid of this pupil. Yet her noble mindedness has been requited with baseness—her sacrifices with scorn—her fidelity with contempt and desertion. Oh the heartless ingratitude of man. I pity such.

"Blow, blow, thou winter's winds
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen
Although thy breath be rude
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Thou thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remembering not."

To one referring to the great ingratitude shown her, someone may say, I'd think the consciousness of having done your duty would prevent this littleness on the part of some of your fellow creatures from annoying you. Far from it! There come days when the consciousness of ones uprightness—the sense of ones worth—the remembrance of his virtues—instead of soothing his distress—increases it. There is a comfort. God is true and just. He has infinite wisdom. He knows what is best for us. He has infinite power. He can do what is best for us. Yet it is hard for poor—short sighted man to "Learn to labor and to wait."

S. S.

Will Return to Columbia.

We are authorized to state that Mr. Geo. H. Palmer, of Cleveland, O., who has been in this place off and on for the last three years, will return in a very short time and will resume drilling. Mr. A. T. Lowe and his son, Forest, who are experienced drillers, and who are in the employ of Mr. Palmer, are now overhauling their drilling outfit and will be ready for business as soon as Mr. Palmer gives the word. The drillers and also Mr. Palmer, are satisfied that there is oil here, and they are determined to go after it. It takes money to put down wells, but we are informed that Mr. Palmer is in position to get all he demands. So from this statement it will be seen that it will only be a short time until the Messrs. Lowe will be again drilling in the county.

Farm Wanted.

Wanted to hear from owner of a farm or good land for sale, price reasonable.

L. Jones, Box 551, Olney, Ill.

Perfectly Secure.

The safety vault at the Bank of Columbia was opened last Wednesday afternoon and all the inside of the safe was as bright as a dollar. The fire had no effect on the safe, except to blacken the outside. The contents were just like they were when placed in the safe. The safe had a severe trial, and there is no doubt but it is a protector from fire.

Attention is called to the big land sale, put on by Hughes & McCarthy, published in to-day's News. It is in Casey county.

DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE WOMAN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montgomery, Beloved Wife of Hon. Jas. F. Montgomery, Sinks to Rest.

END CAME AT LEBANON HOSPITAL.

The subject of this sketch passed into a better world at Lebanon Hospital last Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, after a long illness. She was afflicted with gall stones and other complications and had not been out of her home, at this place, for several months before her trip to Lebanon, which was made about one week before her demise.

She had the attention of the best physicians in this place for some months, but her affliction did not yield to remedies, finally her husband and sons, with her consent, sent for Dr. McChord, Lebanon, who came down made an examination, deciding that she had an aggravated case of gall stone. She was very weak at the time, but the Doctor thought if she could stand to be conveyed to the hospital, then rest a few days and submit to an operation, her life could be saved; that she could not live without an operation. She was willing to follow the surgeon's advice, and was at once conveyed to the hospital. She stood the trip very well, and favorable reports came from her bedside, and hope welled up in the bosom of her husband and sons. The fourth day unfavorable symptoms set up, and members of the family who were not with her were called to Lebanon. Later she rallied, but really was not better, and she gradually grew worse until the end which occurred at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, as above stated. Her husband, three sons, Bruce, George and Ray, and daughter-in-law, Mrs. George Montgomery, were with her in her last hours, Mr. Gordon Montgomery having just returned home.

The body was prepared for conveyance, and reached her late home, this place, Tuesday night about 12 o'clock.

The deceased was seventy years old, a member of the Christian Church, and was a native of Russell county, a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. George Moore. She was married to Mr. J. F. Montgomery a short time after they had reached their majorities. Mr. Montgomery being a promising young lawyer, his home being in Jamestown. They lived and prospered in this place until about forty years ago when they removed to Columbia where all except their oldest children were born, all reared here.

Mrs. Montgomery's friends were very fond of her, as she was a woman of strong mind, and possessed a very sociable disposition. She was a good counsellor, and was proud of her children, all her sons leading honorable lives. Her only daughter, Mrs. Sallie Rowe, died a few months ago.

For nearly fifty years she and her surviving husband walked hand in hand down the stream of Time and no one but those who have given up a companion, know how to sympathize with the sorrowing husband. May God comfort him in these hours of his greatest grief, is the wish of the writer. His little grand children can play about his knees, and in their faces he can see the counterpart of his dear companion which indeed will bring up pleasant memories of long ago.

The funeral services were held at the residence Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock and were conducted by Mrs. Z. T. Williams, who paid high tribute to the life and character of the departed.

The remains were then conveyed to the city cemetery, her sons and son-in-law being the pall bearers, and her grandchildren, all girls but little James, bore the flowers, and there buried by the side of her daughter,

her mound covered with fragrant flowers.

This town is in sympathy with the husband and children, who are admonished to look to God for comfort.

Delightful Concert.

The people of Columbia and the surrounding country are greatly indebted to Mr. Herbert Taylor, our Edison agent, for a musical treat on Thursday evening, Sept. 29th, at the Christian Church, Columbia, Ky. Mr. Taylor secured the services of Miss Elizabeth Spencer, who has for a number of years had her voice recorded for the Edison phonograph, and Mr. Emil Bertl, a finished pianist, to demonstrate to the public the wonderful ability of the Edison phonograph to reproduce the human voice and musical instruments.

Miss Spencer sang with her records many beautiful numbers and it was impossible for the audience to tell when she was singing and when it was the recorded voice, unless they could see the singers. The piano numbers, artistically rendered by Mr. Bertl, were equally as hard to distinguish from the records.

The church was crowded with an enthusiastic audience and it can be safely said that the entire audience was convinced that Thomas A. Edison has produced a perfect phonograph. If you are considering buying a phonograph Mr. Taylor will be glad to show you the Edison at Russell & Taylor's drug store.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of Adair County News, published weekly at Columbia, Ky., for Oct. 1, 1921.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are:

NAME OF P. O. ADDRESS
Publisher, Mrs. Daisy Hamlett,
Columbia, Ky.

Editor, J. E. Murrell,
Columbia, Ky.

Managing Editor, Mrs. Daisy Hamlett,
Business Manager, Mrs. Daisy Hamlett,
Columbia, Ky.

Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, Owner.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, owning 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: (If there are none, so state.) None.

Mrs. Daisy Hamlett.

Subscribed to and sworn before me this 30th day of Sept., 1921

SEAL: Sue H. Baker.

Notary Public Adair County, Ky.

My commission expires Dec. 19th, 1921.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a poll will be opened and an election held in Montpelier Precinct No. 17, on the regular election day, November, 1921, to ascertain the will of the voters on the question as to whether or not they wish Cattle or any Specie thereof, to run at large on the public Highways and uninclosed lands of said Precinct. Witness my hand this September 28th, 1921.

Attest: S. C. Neat, Clerk, A. C. C.

Members of both the Lodge and Chapter have become quite negligent in their attendance, and in the Chapter it is often that a quorum is secured with difficulty. Work is now in progress in this branch of Masonry and every member should attend the meetings. They are all needed, and the High Priest likes to see a full Chapter. The attendance is some better in Columbia Lodge, No. 96, but its work would be more interesting if the attendance was large at each meeting.

Wanted.

A good second hand oil cook stove.

J. W. Richards, Columbia, Ky. 50-2t

Keep the home fires burning. The coal and wood men need the money.

Directors Card to the Public.

Columbia, Ky., Oct. 4th, 1921.

On September 27th last, just as we had almost completed remodeling our Banking house on the lot in Columbia, Ky., which the Bank of Columbia had been occupying since 1866, and running its business so successfully, fire, originating outside, completely burned out the building but left the vault and its contents in tact. We immediately moved and began business in the Buchanan-Lyon Garage and will remain there until we complete temporary quarters on the old site, which we expect to occupy until the weather permits us, in next year, to rebuild. We expect then to move to our present quarters and to rebuild on the old lot a banking house worthy of the Bank of Columbia, the county, town and its many patrons and stockholders.

In the meantime we are prepared to and will be able to accommodate the public and our customers in the old way.

Everybody's interest has been and will continue to be protected.

We ask the public and our customers for a continuation of the confidence they have always placed in us. We have always tried and will continue to try to deserve it.

Our losses by the fire, outside of the necessary inconvenience caused by it, have been small.

We wish to assure the public that we still have the same vault, safe and insurance protection we had before the fire, which is perfect protection against loss by robbery or burglary.

We wish here to extend our thanks to those who so unselfishly tried to save our house and to the First National Bank for its courtesies to us.

Respectfully,

W. W. Jones, President,

James Garnett, V. Pres.

Jno. W. Flowers, Cashier,

Rollin Hurt,

F. P. Hill,

J. O. Russell,

W. S. Hindman,

All Directors.

Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

Mrs. Susan Page. Mrs. Zelpah Wheat. Curtis Taylor. Mrs. M. J. Yates. J. P. Conover. V. J. Solves, I. C. Breeding. S. T. White. Mrs. Carrie Walker. Mrs. Jas. Briley. J. W. Goggin. Geo. J. Hurt. J. O. Grissom. S. N. Neat. Ruby Becham. Iva Holladay. John Dickerson. G. F. Lyon. J. S. Campbell. Eld. Kirby Smith. Mrs. Balle Patterson. Mrs. Calvin Cox. Mrs. Lucy Wilson. J. R. Fudge. J. D. Holladay.

Partnership Formed.

Mr. J. R. Wilson, who has been in the grocery business in the north corner of the square for sometime, has sold a one-half interest in his store to Mr. Frank Shepherd. Mr. Shepherd expects to remove to Columbia as soon as he can get a dwelling; and in the meantime he will be at the store daily and will be glad to meet his friends.

Attention.

We are bound to collect from former customers our unsettled accounts. We can not give further time. This is the last call we will make.

Neil & Cheatham.

50-2t

I have 2 foot oak boards for sale at 90c per hundred. Can also furnish chestnut shingles either sawed or dressed.

R. L. Durham,
Purdy, Ky.

Miss Rachel Johnson, who was a former student in the Lindsey-Wilson, is now teaching in Gila, New Mexico. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnson, and is a most excellent young lady.

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he is known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe," Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By Heck," a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe," Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle. "Babe," in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe," unconscious, to the city. Doctors assure them she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLaughlin, who had married Patricia Clavering. Telling his father of David Moreland's coal, the old gentleman's actions convince his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that "Babe" is to stay with Mrs. McLaughlin to be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine, interests Newton Wheatley, capitalist, who agrees to furnish the money. Dale realizes he loves "Babe."

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to the Halfway Switch, Dale meets Major Bradley, lawyer and real friend of the mountaineers, whom he engages as counsel for the company. A man named Goff, of evil reputation, tries to bribe Dale to betray the Morelands by selling him the coal deposits, and telling them they are of little value. Dale attempts to brush him, but Goff draws a revolver. Dale is unarmed.

CHAPTER IX.—Goff enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Balls and Torreys, to make trouble for Dale's company. The Littlefords and Morelands agree to forget the old feud and dwell in harmony.

CHAPTER X.—"Babe" returns to her home, fearing she is a burden to the McLaughlins. Dale remonstrates with her, agrees to go back, for the sake of an education. Waylaid by "Black Adam" Ball, Dale fights a pistol duel with the desperado, and Ball is killed. Dale is arrested and taken to jail at Cartersville. He doesn't see how his shot could have killed Ball.

CHAPTER XI.—There is much speculation as to who really killed Ball, the general opinion being it was By Heck, who had constituted himself Dale's guardian.

CHAPTER XII.—Caleb Moreland, son of John Moreland, admits firing the shot which killed Ball, and takes Dale's place in jail. He is innocent, but takes the blame for the killing in order that Dale can continue the development of the mine.

CHAPTER XIII.—On the pretext of investigating another coal deposit, Dale is decoyed to a gathering of the Balls and Torreys. They "try" him for the murder of Adam Ball, find him guilty, and sentence him to be hanged next day. He is rescued by By Heck. Goff is forced to leave the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XIV.—"Babe" writes Dale that she is living with her parents and that her education is progressing. Jimmy Payne, rich and dissolute, asks "Babe" to marry him, but she tells him she loves Dale.

CHAPTER XV.—"Babe" comes to Cartersville to attend Dale's trial. He is acquitted of the murder of Ball. Dale asks "Babe" to marry him. She loves him, but tells him she cannot be his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

Confession.

If the impulsive, fighting Bill Dale could have heard across the intervening miles the conversation that took place in his old home the next evening, he would probably have followed Ben Littleford's daughter by the next train if he had had to hold it up at the point of an honest blue gun in order to get aboard it.

John K. Dale and his wife had gone into the library with Elizabeth at her request. The three sat down facing each other. The younger woman was ill at ease; she was glad that the lights were subdued and soft. When the silence had become heavy, she straightened in her chair and blurted out falteringly:

"Bill asked me to marry him, and I wouldn't do it. I—I thought maybe I ought to tell you."

The Dales exchanged glances; then they looked back at Elizabeth Littleford. Dale smiled a fatherly smile. Mrs. Dale's eyes narrowed. The old stiffness rose within her and began to make stubborn war against her more recently acquired common sense.

"Have you quarreled?" she asked.

"No."

"Well," old Dale said bluntly, "what's wrong?"

"It isn't his fault," Elizabeth told



"Will You Always Think of Me as the Finest and Most Beautiful Woman in the World?" She Asked.

them. "I'm a savage," she went on desperately—"and he isn't my kind."

John K. Dale retired very early that night. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, his wife bent toward Elizabeth and said curiously:

"Why did you call yourself a savage?"

Elizabeth told of her early life in the hills, of the feud between her people and the Morelands and of how she had hated the bloodshed. She told of the coming of Major Bradley, of her burning thirst for education, of the old trainman who had thrown her a newspaper each day, and of the coming of Bill Dale.

"I was lonesome," she continued, "and nobody ever seemed to understand how I felt. That is, until Bill Dale came. After I met him, I couldn't see anything but him; he seemed to me like something I'd had and lost."

"Then," said Mrs. Dale, "why did you refuse to marry—"

"Wait—you don't know it all," Elizabeth interrupted her. "There was the killing of that heathen, Adam Ball. I went to tend the trial because I knew



"Then," Said Mrs. Dale, "Why Did You Refuse to Marry—"

I could hear your son if Major Bradley couldn't. You see, Mrs. Dale, I happened to know who did kill Adam Ball, and I meant to tell if it was necessary.

"On the mornin' of the killin' Bill had started up the river by himself. It was dangerous for him to go off like that, on account o' them Balls and Torreys. Back in the Big Pine country there is a tall, thin man named Sam Heck. He's a big eater, an awful liar, and a worshiper of Bill Dale. Sam heard my father say it was dangerous, and he whispered: 'I'll jest sneak through the laurels and yard Bill from behind him.' I heard him say it, Mrs. Dale.

"So he went sneakin' along the foot o' the north end o' David Moreland's mountain, with his rifle in his hand, to

guard your son. Bill didn't know he was bein' followed, because Heck is as crafty as a cat. I got nervous about Bill, so I went into the laurels and followed Sam Heck. When I overtook him, he was standin' behind a clump o' sheep laurel and lookin' toward the river.

"I whispered, 'Where's Bill?' 'He said, 'Be still, Babe!' And then he thumbed his rifle's hammer back without a sound.

"I looked toward the river and saw Bill Dale a-walkin' up the nearest bank, and I saw Black Adam slip behind a tree not far away. Bill saw Adam, and he slipped behind a tree, too. Adam shot at Bill's hat, and teased Bill. Bill shot at Adam's hat—and then Adam Ball jumped up groanin' like he was done for, and fell, all a-twistin', to the ground. But he wasn't hit. He put his gun out by the tree to kill Bill as soon as he showed himself. It was one o' his old tricks."

Elizabeth Littleford raised her head slowly and went on in a voice that was much shaken:

"I had always talked against killin', and yet I stood there and hegged Sam Heck to finish him. The rest happened in no time. Ball was already a-lookin' along his sights. Bill Dale was nearly out in the open. I—she faltered, and then came a rush of words: "I wouldn't marry him without tellin' him, because it wouldn't be fair to him; and if I told him, he—he wouldn't have me. The woman he marries mustn't be a s-savage."

She stopped and stared at Mrs. Dale almost defiantly. Her head was high, and her hands were clasped in her lap so hard that they trembled.

"I think you have made a mountain out of a molehill, my dear," the older woman said gently. "What you did was right, not wrong; any good woman would have done just what you did, Elizabeth, I am sure."

Elizabeth Littleford faced Mrs. John K. Dale squarely. There was a strange glow in her eyes.

"But I haven't told you everything," she murmured—"I took Sam Heck's rifle from him, and killed Adam Ball myself."

CHAPTER XVII.

Bill Dale Laughs.

Bill Dale sat thinking of what he had done there in the Big Pine country. From the stone-and-clay chimneys of the cabins of the Littlefords on the other side of the river the howling wind snatched sprays of blue wood-smoke. The Morelands had gone to farms lying around Cartersville in the lowland, on each of which a fair-sized first payment had been made. The borrowed capital was to remain borrowed for another year. The Morelands were already losing their outlandishness and growing into universal respect. David Moreland's dream was at last being realized.

Then Dale frowned heavily. If only he could do as much for Babe's people! But he couldn't. The men of the Littlefords still worked the coal mine. They received almost twice the customary wages, but even that wouldn't buy them farms and educate their children.

Under his eyes lay two unanswered letters from his parents. He found little pleasure in answering their letters, for he was still somewhat bitter toward them—toward his father because of his father's ill treatment of David Moreland and David Moreland's people; toward his mother because she had let him go hungry for mother-love as a baby, as a child, as a boy, and as a man; toward them both because he had been reared a do-nothing.

The door opened suddenly, and By Heck came stamping in with a gust of cold air at his back. He carried in one hand the mail satchel; in the other was his ever-present rifle. After throwing the satchel to the floor at Dale's feet, he turned to the glowing wood stove.

"I'm dang nigh friz, Bill," he chattered. "My gosh, I couldn't be no foider'n what I em of I'd ha' clim' the north pole neck-ed. Say, Bill, why'n't ye burn coal stid o' wood? 'Godd, it's hotter."

"Coal is worth money. Wood isn't."

Dale ran through the mail hastily. He threw aside a letter from the Alexander Crayfield Coal corporation, which took the entire output of the mine at an extraordinary figure, and picked up a letter which bore the postmark of his home city.

It was from Babe Littleford. Since he paid so little attention to the letters of his parents, they had requested her to write to him—they wanted him to come home for Christmas dinner. Wouldn't he come?

He arose and paced the office floor for two or three minutes, then he sat down at his desk and dashed off a letter that contained only two sentences.

By Heck sat beside the stove and watched his god with thoughtful eyes. He understood, he believed. How any woman on earth could turn down a man like Bill Dale was utterly beyond him. By Heck was a great deal like a good-natured dog.

If Bill would only laugh, it would be good for him. It had been so long since he had heard Bill laugh. By Heck decided that he would make Bill Dale laugh.

"Old boy?"

"Well?"

"Do ye want me to tell ye a funny tale?" drawled Heck. He barely heard the answer:

"I guess I don't mind, By."

Heck's sympathy made him gulp. But he swallowed the lump that came up in his throat and began bravely:

"One time the' was a feller named Smith. Odd name, Bill, ain't it? Hoss-fy Smith, they called him, 'cause it was said 'at he could easy shoot a hossfly offen a hoss's ear and never break hide on the animal. He was a

hellion, too. One time Hossfly, he was a-tryin' to git appinted the chairman o' some sort o' politics doin's, and on that same day he was a-drinkin' sort o' to'able heavy. They agreed to make him the temp'rary chairman, but Hossfly, he didn't want that. So he hops right up in the middle o' the meetin', and he hollers out and says:

"Feller citizens," he says, "I want to be the permanent chairman! I ain't a-goin' to act in the cap-a-city of a durned temp'rary chairman; I abso-d-n-lutely ain't!"

"His old enemy, Eb Wright, he yells back and says smart-like: 'Set down thar, Hossfly,' says Eb—'you're drunk, and you don't know the difference a-tween temp'rary and permanent!'"

"Well, they knowed Eb had it a-comin' to him right then, and they listened to it. Hossfly, he addresses the whole meetin', and this here is what Hossfly says:

"'Feller citizens,' says he, 'Eb Wright thar 'lows I don't know the difference between temp'rary and permanent. I'll prove to you that I do know the difference. Eb Wright says I'm drunk. I am. That's temp'rary. Eb Wright is a poke-nosed idjit. That's permanent!'"

Heck finished with a lazy laugh:

"Haw, haw, haw! Hee-haw, hee-haw!"

"That story," Dale said wearily, "has been told on dozens of politicians. It has become a part of the history of this state."

"Well, my gosh!" moaned By Heck. He thought deeply for a moment, decided that Bill Dale wouldn't laugh at the story of Tom Jones' pig—which had drank all of a gallon-pail of buttermilk and then gone to sleep in the self-same pail—and went on:

"Here's one, by Jake, 'at ain't been told on dozens o' politicians men. And every word of it is the solemn, dyin' death-bed truth, too."

"One time I was out in the mountains a-huntin', a-goin' along slow and a-lookin' fo' a squirrel, when all of a sudden I hears a skeery noise right ahead o' me in the laurels—Z-z-z-z-z!"



"You Scared Me, Jimmy!" Laughed Miss Elizabeth, a Trifle Nervously.

Z-z-z-z-z! Jest like that. I stops. I stops de-e-a-d still. I looks keen. Thar was a den o' rattlers, and the very least one was as big around as my left hind laig! Then I hears a turrible growl right ahind o' me. I looks keen. Thar stands a big old she-bear with her teeth a-showin', and two cross-eyed cubs! Then I hears a whine at my left. I looks keen. Thar stands a she-panther as big as a hoss, with her eyes jest a-blazin'! Then I hears a spittin' sound cut to my right. I looks keen. Thar was seven full-grown wildcats, and all of 'em had been bit by a mad dawg! Some fix to be in? Yeh; some fix!

"Well, I thinks to myself. Ef I shoots the rattlers, I thinks to myself, the bear and the panther and the wildcats'll git me. And ef I shoots the bear, the panther and the wildcats and the rattlers'll git me. And ef I shoots the panther, the wildcats and the rattlers'll git me. And ef I shoots the wildcats, the rattlers and the bear and the panther'll git me. And ef I don't shoot none o' 'em, they'll all git me! Some ongodly 'fix wasn't it, Bill? Now, how do ye reckon I got out of it?"

Bill Dale only smiled. "I can't imagine, By," he said.

"I can't imagine, neither," grinned Heck. "But anyhow, I'm alive today. Well, now that ye're in a good humor one time more, I'll tell ye some news. I hated to ruffle ye up like a yaller goose a-flyin' back'ards whilst ye was so cussed, danged blue. Bill, old boy, it ain't but five days ontel Christmas. A lot o' them Nawth Ca'liner Turners from Turner's Laurel is a-visitin' their kinfolks, the Balls, and they'll every daddled one o' 'em git drunk on white lightnin' hicker fo' Christmas, and—they'll shore think o' Black Adam. The Morelands ain't with ye no more, Bill, rickollect; only the Littlefords is here now."

Bill Dale rose and stood there staring at By Heck with eyes so bright that they sparkled.

"If they came down on us looking for trouble, I'd be a sort of clan chief, wouldn't I?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer: "I wouldn't mind that, y'know. I've got a letter here, By, that I want you to put aboard the next southbound train that passes the Halfway switch. You've got about an hour; can you make it?"

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All Kinds of Insurance

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Those Who acted upon our advise before the Fire are GLAD; Those who did not, are SORRY.

It is too late After the Fire—Better see us before the next one occurs.

REED BROS.

INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

COLUMBIA, KY.

"Ef the world was made in six days, by God, it shorely looks like By Heck could make six miles in a hour, don't it?"

The tall hillman left the Moreland Coal company's office with the letter in one hand, his rifle in the other, and tears of joy in his eyes.

For Bill Dale had laughed, actually laughed.

By Heck put the letter on the train. The train carried it to Bill Dale's home city, and the postman carried it to the stately mansion of Old Coal King John K. Dale, and Black Isham, the servant, carried it to Miss Elizabeth Littleford.

Miss Elizabeth Littleford was sitting alone on an iron settee among bushes of lilac and cape jessamine; the weather had made another of its remarkably sudden changes, and the day was sunny and pleasant. She was about to tear open the envelope when the tall, straight figure of Jimmy Payne appeared before her. He had on riding clothes, and there was a rawhide quirt in his hand.

"You scared me, Jimmy!" laughed Miss Elizabeth, a trifle nervously. "I didn't know you were anywhere around!"

"Beg pardon," Jimmy smiled. "May I sit down beside you?"

"Yes."

He sat down beside her and began thoughtfully to flick the toe of one of his shining boots with the tip of his quirt. She knew what he had come to say, before he said it:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

Of the 100,000 dwellings in Louisville, 60,000 are owned by their occupants while 40,000 are rented.

L. H. Jones

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CARD

The Woman's To

Sold Everywhere

At Pikeville, Dave

sentenced to the elc

for the murder of Jan

field and child.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2]

"Once more," looking pleadingly into her eyes—"won't you marry me and make me happy forever afterward?"

She turned the letter over in her lap in order that Fayne might not see, accidentally or otherwise, the address.

"Jimmy," she finally said, "I'd like to have a little more time to think about it. Things like this oughtn't to be decided in a hurry."

"You've already had months! Or were they years—or ages? Why do you keep putting me off like this, Elizabeth?"

"As I told you, Jimmy, I don't—"

He interrupted almost sharply: "I know you don't love me. But you'll learn to—after you've seen how much I shall adore you."

He made a move as though to take her into his arms, and she shrank from him; he had done that same thing, and she had done that same thing, dozens of times before. . . .

With unseeing eyes Elizabeth watched Mrs. Dale step from her motor at the porte-cochere and go into the house. Jimmy Fayne, too, saw Mrs. Dale, but he was wholly unaffected by the sight of her; Mrs. Dale, somehow, did not object to his seeing the girl quite as much as she had once objected.

"Jimmy," after a long silence had passed between them, "I—I'm afraid I ain't the right woman for you. . . . If you knew, for sure, that I once took a rifle gun and killed a man with it, would you—would you still want me?"

Fayne laughed as though at a good joke.

"You kill a man? Why, I couldn't believe it. But if you had killed a man, or a dozen men, it—could hardly make any difference to me. If you did do it, you did it because there was nothing else to do; I'm sure of that. We won't mention it again, if you're willing. I neither criticize nor attempt to understand your hill codes. Marry me, won't you, Elizabeth?"

"If I did," asked Ben Littleford's daughter, "would you help my people back in the hills?"

"Educate 'em? Yes! Every blessed one of 'em."

"Freely?"

"Yes!"

Once more Elizabeth Littleford tried to decide. Fayne's eyes grew more and more hopeful as he watched her lips. He became impatient.

"Tell me," he begged.

The girl took up the letter she had just received from Bill Dale.

"As soon as I read this," she murmured, "I'll tell you, Jimmy. If you don't mind, please look the other way for a minute."

She tore off one end of the envelope, drew out the single sheet and unfolded it. Her eyes narrowed; her face flushed, and then became just a little pale. Her underlip quivered as she folded the sheet and put it back into the envelope.

"I can't marry you, Jimmy," she told him.

Without another word she arose and left him. She hastened to the house, hastened upstairs, and went to her room.

Half an hour later Mrs. Dale found her lying face downward on her bed, and beside her lay a crumpled sheet of paper. Mrs. Dale picked up the sheet, straightened it out, and read this, in the bold handwriting of her son:

"Believe me, I am very appreciative of your invitation. But I am having Christmas with your mother, here in my own country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Fight.

It was early in the morning, and Bill Dale had just sent for Ben Littleford. The hillman hurried to the office, for he believed he knew what was in the air. He had already gone to work at the mine, and his thick beard, his face and his hands were black with the dust of coal.

"Sit down, Ben," said the general manager. "We're going to hold a council of war."

Littleford took a chair and crossed his legs.

"Is it the Ball outfit?" he drawled.

"Yes," answered the younger man, and forthwith he told the other of the news that By Heck had brought him a few days before; he had not given the matter really serious consideration until that morning. "Now," he finished, "I want to know whether you think there's any danger?"

Littleford tugged at his blackened beard and frowned.

"Bill," he said soberly, "do you rickollect what John Moreland told you once about them Balls? He told ye 'at you wasn't safe, and 'at he wasn't safe, ontel they was dead and buried, didn't he? I believe he did. By Heck says the's a whole big passel o' them Nawth Ca'liner Turners; he's shore them and the Balls'll outnumber us more'n two to one. Yes, the's danger, Bill, and 'specially to you. They think it was you killed Adam, and they don't think the law handed 'em a square deal at the trial."

"Then listen to this plan," said Dale.

"I'll keep By Heck up the river watching for them. He will have three sticks of dynamite tied together and capped and fitted with a fuse. If he sees them coming this way in anything like a force, he will fire off the dynamite as a signal to us. Our men will gather here in the upstairs of this building, and bar the doors—"

"Oh, Bill," moaned the old fighter, "you shorely don't think we'd ever let 'em git to the doors!"

"I hope they don't, certainly," smiled Dale. "Where are your rifles, Bill?"

"At the mine," said Littleford. "To

see, Bill, we've been a-lookin' to trouble."

Dale went on: "At By Heck's signal, I'll get on my horse and ride to the lowlands for the Morelands. I can get them a lot quicker than I can get competent help from the law. What do you think of it?"

"It's a good plan, I reckon," growled Ben Littleford, "only I don't cotton very easy to the idee o' us a-runnin' from the mine to this here bulidin'. I never did like to run from any man wot's a durn, Bill."

"But that wouldn't be cowardly."

Dale protested. "It would be purely a strategic move, and it would save lives for us. For, when the Balls and their kinsmen come, you'll have to deliver me into their hands or you'll have to fight like the very devil, that's sure; and, according to By Heck's figures, they outnumber you more than two to one."

"All right," Littleford replied, with a shrug of his huge shoulders. "Whatever you say, that same we'll do."

So By Heck was sent for, and shortly afterward he sneaked into the laundries and went off toward the settlement of the Balls. In the crook of his arm he carried his rifle, and inside his shirt he carried three pieces of dynamite all ready for the match—and he chose every step with great care for fear of jarring the explosive too much.

He had not been gone an hour when Bill Dale heard a dull, smothered roar from somewhere to the northward. Dale sprang up from his desk, ran to his ready and waiting horse, mounted and rode like a streak toward the lowland.

Dale arrived at John Moreland's big white farmhouse a little before the middle of the day, and hailed lustily at the gate. John Moreland and his two sons hurried out in response to the call. Dale waved aside all greetings and inquiries after his health, and told that which he had come to tell. The elder Moreland turned quickly to his two stalwart sons—

"Guns and hosses, boys! It'll be our last fight, and let's be at it and make it a good fight."

Less than five minutes later the three erstwhile mountaineers rode out at the barnyard gate with full belts of



"Guns and Hosses, Boys!"

cartridges around their waists and with repeating rifles across the pommels of their saddles, and joined Dale. The four hastened to the homes of the other Morelands; and not long afterward the old clan, in full strength, rode toward the big, dilapidated hills with Bill Dale acting as its leader. It was to be the clan's last fight, and a fight for a good cause, and every man of it was eager for the fray.

Bill Dale bore himself proudly, and he rode like a man born to the saddle. He found a queer joy—a joy that brightened his steel-gray eyes and flushed his sunburned cheeks, a joy that he didn't even attempt to understand—in the thought:

"For this one day I am a clan chief; I am leading my own people against a foe, in my own country—"

And so overwhelmingly did the idea take hold of him that he wished, even then, for the repeater that awaited him at his office back in the heart of the mountains. Once his conscience asked him a question—and he answered it with another question. Was he doing that which was right? Might not the Littlefords all be killed by those drunken cutthroats while he was waiting for the arrival of a company of militia from a city miles distant?

Anyway, the militia would fight. His clan would do no more than that. He satisfied his conscience quickly.

When they had reached the lower end of the cleared valley, there came to them the sounds of slow firing, the firing of snipers. Each man kicked his horse's flanks and rode faster.

When they came in sight of the besieged building, they saw puffs of powder-smoke rising lazily from the upper windows and from the mountain side above and to the right. Again they kicked the flanks of their horses and rode faster.

At John Moreland's old cabin they dismounted hastily and turned their horses into the drab meadow. With Dale still leading, they hurried on foot to the river's nearest bank and went rapidly, under cover of the thickly-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

BIG REDUCTION IN PRICES

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Chevrolet Automobiles Are Now Down.

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490 Touring Car \$525.00. Roadster 525.00. Light Delivery \$525.00.

They are are Durable and Easy Running.

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I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Rid-

ing and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

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EAGLE "MIKADO" **Pencil No. 174**

For Sale at your Dealer Made in five grades

ASK FOR THE YELLOW PENCIL WITH THE RED BAND

EAGLE MIKADO

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK

W. H. Skaggs, known as Wild Bill Skaggs, the man who led the squad of moonshiners and who shot O. H. McFarland, a prohibition officer, a few weeks ago, and who later gave bond, went to Louisville last week, and while at the Willard Hotel he was arrested by Ellis Workman and lodged in jail, charged with shooting a government official. It is said that Skaggs has lots of money, but his money it is said will not get him out of this trouble.

Figures are submitted showing that it is costing the United States government \$4.50 a day for each American soldier in the army at Coblenz, Germany. But that is a reasonable cost, and it is not as if the money was being wasted, for we would have to maintain these soldiers at home if they were not in Germany, and the cost would probably be larger. These soldiers are regulars. If they were not station-

ed in Germany they would be in barracks in the West, or somewhere along the Texas border, or in the Philippines. There is no reason why the troops should not be brought home, but it is a mistake to argue that our soldiers at Coblenz are costing us money—Louisville Post.

It will be encouraging to those who love music to know that the fourteen Episcopal churches of Louisville went on record Sunday as opposed to so-called "jazz" music. The reason given is that such forms of pleasure as jazz music and dancing "lead to jazz manners and jazz morals," and we haven't a doubt that that is a fact. The action of the church has the sanction of Bishop Woodcock and it is declared that "under no circumstances shall jazz music and dancing be permitted in any church or parish house under Episcopal control."

The News \$1.50 in Ky,

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A Splendid Offer.

Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-week Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this country. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

HENRY W. DEPP,

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Am permanently located in
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Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor

MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-Office as second class matter.

TUESDAY, OCT. 4, 1921.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In Kentucky..... \$1.50
Outside of Kentucky..... \$2.00
All Subscriptions are due and Payable in Advance.

Democratic Candidates.

The following are the Democratic candidates to be voted for at the November election:

NOAH LOY, Representative.
GORDON MONTGOMERY, County Attorney.
EVAN AKIN, Sheriff.
CHAS. F. PAXTON, Circuit Court Clerk.

The Independent candidate for County Judge is C. G. JEFFRIES.

Hon. Lilburne Phelps, Secretary of the Republican State Committee, addressed the people of Adair county, at the courthouse, last Monday. He is opposed to the adoption of amendment No. 1, and so advised the voters. This amendment is to take the election of the State Superintendent out of the hands of the people, and let that office be filled by appointment, the advocates claiming that such an action would take the office of State Superintendent out of politics. Mr. Phelps' position is that to adopt the amendment would not take the office of State Superintendent out of politics, that when the Republicans were in power a Republican would be named as State Superintendent and vice versa when the Democrats were in power. Mr. Phelps is right and every voter in Adair county, Republican and Democrat should cast his suffrage against the amendment. No man or woman in Adair county should fail to vote against said amendment. Let the people say who they want for State Superintendent—not leave it to a few men to say. This State has long been governed by the voice of the people and that right should not be removed by amendment which will silence the electorate at the polls. The speech of Mr. Phelps was a strong presentation of the question, and the voters should heed his admonition. In our judgment Adair county is almost solidly against the amendments and will go vote. Mr. Phelps was introduced by Hon. J. F. Montgomery, who also spoke in telling words against the amendment.

Mrs. Beulah Vance, the widow Chas. A. Vance, Nelson county, charged with murdering her husband, which occurred two months ago, has been arrested. It will be remembered that the murdered man was shot to death while in his bed. His daughter was arrested some weeks ago, also charged with the crime, is out on bond. The widow will attempt to swear Judge Wallace Brown off the bench.—Later, acquitted.

Senator Borah is on the side of the Democrats in the fight for separate peace with Germany.

We have just had a destructive fire in Columbia, and at this season people should be more particular than at any other time of the year. There are two or three frame buildings on the square, and if any one of them should catch fire, in all probability there would be a conflagration. There is generally more or less fires in the fall, often caused by the burning out of flues, hence all chimneys should be cleaned off soot before fire is made in stoves. Furthermore, people should not leave their houses at night without making a diligent investigation, seeing that a fire could not occur from the inside. If there are several persons at work in a store, let it be the business of one to see that the fire is extinguished. With the facilities we have at this time (will be in better shape later) we are at a great disadvantage when a fire breaks out. The town is arranged for protection, but it will be two months before the fire engine arrives. Watch your flues, thereby saving your homes and stores.

Program.

The following is the program of the Adair Co., S. S. Association, which meets at the Christian Church Saturday and Sunday Oct. 15-16.

Saturday

10:00 Song, Scripture and prayer, Rev. Jesse Murrell.
10:00 The Sunday Schools of Adair county, Rev. Z. T. Williams.
10:25 What a county S. S. Association is Judge Baker.
10:45 Four Tests of a Good S. S. The Knowledge Test, Mr. Horace Jeffries.
The Service Test, Mrs. Williams.
The Evangelistic Test Miss Eva Rhodus.
The Interest Test, Mrs. Woodruff Flowers.
11:35 The Widening circle, Miss Mary Virginia Howard.
11:55 Announcements of Committee Offering.
Noon Recess.
1:30 Song, Prayer, by Mr. Virgil Long.
1:45 The worship Period of the S. S. Prof. Crockett.
2:00 The Home Department and its work, Mrs. R. F. Rowe.
2:15-3:00 The S. S. Teacher, Rev. R. V. Bennett.
8:00 Business, Election of Officers.
3:15 Charge to Officers, Miss Howard.

Evening Session.

7:30 Song, Scripture and Prayer, Rev. Ashby.
7:45 The Church and the Young People, Miss Katie Murrell.
8:10 Recent Developments in Religious Education, Miss Howard.

Sunday

A Mass meeting will be held Sunday afternoon at 3:00 at the Christian Church with Miss Howard as leader, all who will taking part in the discussion.

Every S. S. in the county is urged to send a representative to these meetings which are for the benefit of the county and which it is hoped will arouse an interest in the S. S. work.

Committee on entertainment.

Mrs. Etos Barger,
Miss Ella Todd,
Miss Alleen Montgomery.

Mr. S. C. Neat, County Court Clerk, issued the following marriage licenses last week: Henry Watterson McCarell to Miss Edle Wright. They live in the Crocus country. C. W. Whitlock to Mrs. Lula Matney, of the Keltner country.

Mrs. O. C. Pace, of Lebanon, a native of Cumberland county, died a few days ago. She was 70 years old, and was a second cousin of Judge H. C. Baker, this place.

Mr. S. C. Neat issued marriage licenses, last Saturday, to the following: Mont E. Shreveals to Miss Susan R. Rexroat, Holbart Whitehead to Miss Nannie Wilson.

Proved Last Thursday Evening to Columbia



Big Audience at Christian Church Hears Elizabeth Spencer in EDISON Tone-Test

In a test of direct comparison, made last Thursday evening at the Christian Church, before a large audience, the New Edison scored a complete and convincing triumph.

Elizabeth Spencer, the famous soprano, sang in direct comparison with the RE-CREATION of her voice by the New Edison. To every ear, there was no difference between her living voice and her RE-CREATED voice.

This is the most drastic phonograph test known. No other phonograph has ever sustained it. No other phonograph has ever attempted it.

The New Edison's marvelous performance of last Thursday vindicates everything that has been said or claimed for its perfect realism.

Elizabeth Spencer stood on the stage next to a shapely Chippendale cabinet. She began to sing. Her golden notes soared over the auditorium, bringing all under its magic spell.

Halfway through her song she suddenly

stopped singing. The New Edison, at her side, took up her song,—and continued it alone.

Singer and phonograph thus alternated throughout the song.

The only way the audience could be sure which was singing, was by watching Miss Spencer's lips,—so exactly like the living voice was the RE-CREATED voice.

Emil Bertl made the same test of comparison with the RE-CREATION of his piano selections. Again the same result—there was no difference between the RE-CREATED performance and the living performance.

Proof was piled upon proof! Evidence was massed on evidence! The end of the concert found the audience absolutely and completely convinced, through its own personal experience, that there is no difference between an artist's living performance and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison,—that listening to the New Edison is in literal truth, the same as listening to the living artists.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul"

Only one question can still bother your mind. This question we now answer,

The instrument used in Thursday evening's tests was not a special model. It was an Official Laboratory Model, taken from regular stock. Every Official Laboratory Model, in our stock is guaranteed to sustain the same test of direct comparison with living artists.

You can have an official Laboratory Model in your home. You can own an instrument which will do everything done Thursday evening in the test. Come in. Hear the wonderful Official Laboratory Model for yourself. Learn about our Budget Plan, which puts our Official Laboratory Model into your home for no more than you would "pay down" for a talking machine.

HERBERT TAYLOR

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

PERSONAL

Mr. T. R. Stults has returned from a three week's stay at Louisville.

Dr. Alva Grider, of Jamestown, was in Columbia last Thursday afternoon, on his return home from Louisville. He was called to the city to attend the State meeting of Optometrists.

Eld. Kirby Smith, wife and little daughter, of Cave City, are spending a week or two with Mrs. Smith's father, Eld. Z. T. Williams. Eld. Smith held a meeting at Milltown last week.

Eld. Luther Young was in Columbia last Thursday.

Mr. J. R. Sanders, Democratic candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the Lebanon District, was in Columbia Wednesday. He lives at Campbellsville and has no opposition from the Republican party.

Gen. Jas. Garnett, Louisville, who is Vice-President of the Bank of Columbia, arrived last Wednesday morning and spent a few days with his friends. He also took a view of the ruins of the bank building.

Mrs. Anna Lizzie Walker returned from Van Lear, Ky., last week. Her son, Mr. Doc Walker, met her in Louisville.

Mrs. Zora Rowe passed through Columbia last Tuesday, en route for Danville where her son, Kinnaid, is in Center College.

Mr. G. W. Whitlock, Campbellsville, was here a few days ago.

Mr. Jas. Holladay, who is a graduate of Georgetown College, left last week to enter the University of Illinois, located atampaign. We understand that Mr. Holladay expects to practice law after going through the above named institution.

Mr. Isaac Higgenbottom and two daughters, of Paintsville, Ill., arrived in Columbia last Thursday and stopped with Dr. J. S. Miller. Mr. Higgenbottom left this country fifty-four years ago.

Mr. G. B. Kimbler, who was an assistant in the post-office here for some time, and was very much liked by the community, returned to Columbia last Thursday night and was warmly greeted by his many friends. He has been in business in Point, Texas, and will probably remain in Columbia.

Mr. Claude Miller, of Campbellsville, made a business trip to Columbia last Friday.

Mr. W. T. McFarland returned from Petoskey, Mich., last Thursday night. Hay fever struck all health seekers in the North this season. Mr. McFarland was attacked, and for two nights he was a great sufferer. He is much better now.

Mrs. Fred Cundiff, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting her husband's parents Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cundiff.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Cox have removed from Detroit, Mich., to Campbellsville for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Winfrey, parents of Mrs. Cox, will be at Campbellsville with them.

Mr. J. R. Cox, of Detroit, Mich., who visited here, left for his home city last Friday.

Mr. Chelsie Barger, who is employed at Corbin, came home on account of the serious condition of his grandfather, Eld. F. J. Barger.

Mrs. Jeff Godbey, and son came down Friday, to be at the bedside of Eld. Barger, Mrs. Godbey being a sister.

Mr. A. D. Patteson was at home from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Rose Heyd, whose visit was very pleasant to her many Columbia friends, left Saturday, to spend several weeks in Lebanon.

Mr. J. W. Richard, who has been in St. Joseph, Mo., for some months, returned last Friday.

Mrs. J. O. Russell has been quite sick for more than a week.

Mr. W. B. Cook was down, from Esto, to attend the funeral of Eld. F. J. Barger.

Mr. T. Earle Williams, of Burkesville, who writes the oil news for this paper, was in Columbia a few days ago.

Mrs. W. F. Cartwright, who has been visiting in Louisville, returned home last week.

Mr. Jo M. Harris returned last Sat-

urday, and from here he went to Georgetown on business, and from there he will return to his home, in Mississippi.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sharp, Amanda ville, were here Monday.

Mr. Edwin Cravens has been quite sick for a week. It was reported that he had three degrees of fever Saturday.

Mrs. Fenna Eubank has returned from Louisville.

Davis, a little son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Wilson, has been quite sick for a few days. His mother, has also been sick for several days.

Town Buys a Chemical Fire Engine.

The Board of trustees of the town of Columbia have had for sometime under consideration the purchasing of a fire engine in order that the town might have protection. On account of the lack of funds the matter had been delayed, but last week, after the fire upon the square, the Board was stimulated and readily saw the necessity of purchasing an engine and apparatus, and announced that it was ready to do what it could to that end. Therefore, it stated that if the citizens of the community would pay one thousand dollars, the Board would do the rest. The Fire Marshal was here and took an interest in the town purchasing protection. In a few minutes a subscription was started, and a sufficient sum raised to justify the Board to order an apparatus which is to cost \$2,800.

A sufficient sum has not been subscribed yet, and Mr. G. R. Reed and Mr. G. M. Stevenson were appointed by the Board to receive subscriptions. Every home in Columbia should readily subscribe to this much needed purchase. It will not only be a protector in the event of fire, but will lower insurance rates. The largest amount of the money now subscribed was paid in by the business men on the square. Residences burn as well as store houses, therefore, every family in Columbia should not hesitate to hand in a subscription.

Mr. Reed with what assistance he may take, was appointed to select a fire company of ten men who will be in charge of the apparatus, and he will also select ten reserve men, making twenty in all, ten to be active at all times. When the machine arrives these men will go into training and will practice until they are perfect in all the details of management.

Our people certainly feel glad that this step has been taken, as it will in all probability, in course of time, save this town and its citizens thousands of dollars.

When the company is ready for practice, the State Fire Marshal will come to Columbia, give instructions and drill the boys. The company will elect, or be will be appointed by the Board, a Chief of the Fire Department.

The News endorses this action of the Board, believing that it acted wisely in purchasing the apparatus.

Hats, Hats.

Headwear that carries smartness to the extreme limit of correctness. There's one for every Millinery need. Big line of girls and childrens hats. 49-2t Russell & Co.

WANTED.—Chambermaid, middle aged woman, stout and healthy. Vaughan Hotel, Lebanon, Ky.

Mr. Charles Webb, a student in the Lindsey-Wilson, accidentally got his nose broken last Tuesday while engaged in a ball game. He thinks it will be all right in eight or ten days.

Our New Fall stock is arriving daily. All lines of up-to-date merchandise, prices lower than they can be bought for to-day. Russell & Co.

For Sale.

My house and lot on Greensburg Street, in town of Columbia. The house has 7 rooms, a good well at door and good outbuildings.

R. I. Arnold.



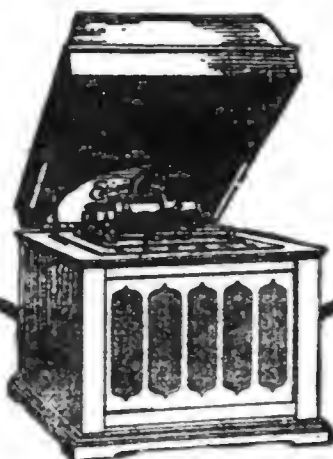
October AMBEROL Records

You are sure to enjoy every number on the list of Edison Amberol Records for October.

Come in and hear them today!

- 4328 Perry O'Neil Billy Jones and Chorus
- 4329 Moonlight—Fox Trot Max Fella Della Robbia Orchestra
- 4330 Paper Doll—Fox Trot Green Bros. Novelty Band
- 4331 Downyonder, Premier Quartet
- 4332 Packer Up and Whistle—Fox Trot Harry Rademan's Jazz Orchestra
- 4333 Idol Mine—Fox Trot Orlando's Orchestra
- 4334 I've Waited So Long Bert Harvey
- 4335 Mon Homme—Fox Trot Orlando's Orchestra
- 4336 The Beauties and Hymns Rev. Wm. H. Morgan and The Calvary Choir
- 4337 Drowsy Head—Waltz Green Bros. Novelty Band
- 4338 Arrah Go Long With You (Do You See Any Green In Me Eyes) Marguerite Farrell
- 4339 Cherie—Fox Trot Harry Rademan's Jazz Orchestra
- 4340 The Last Little Mile—The Longest (When You're Longing for Home Sweet Home) Lewis James
- 4341 Good as Gold—Waltz Max Fella Della Robbia Orchestra
- 4342 Lucky Jim Criterion Quartet
- 4343 Rio Nights Betty Lane Shepherd and Chas. Hart
- 4344 Melody—Fox Trot Ray Miller and his Black and White Melody Boys
- 4345 Honolulu Honey Billy Jones and Chorus
- 4346 Robin Adair Jules Levy's Brass Quartet
- 4347 Look for the Silver Lining Melody—Jltro. "Humming" (Piano Solo) Ray Perkins

Herbert Taylor
Columbia, Ky.



Mr. G. B. Kimbler, who was a former assistant postmaster, this place, and who has just returned from a years' stay in Texas, is back in his old position. He is very accommodating, and Mr. Mercer evidently pleases the patrons of the office by securing the services of Mr. Kimbler. Mr. Elmer Keene, who has been a very efficient assistant, has resigned, on account of ill health. It is hoped that after a rest he will be able to again enter some business in Columbia. He is a very excellent gentleman.

Type Writer Ribbons.

We have type-writer ribbons for sale, the Oliver, Remington and Smith Premier. Call while they last.

Mr. B. F. Chewing, of this place, is now the great grandfather of ten children. His granddaughter, Mrs. Johnson, of Elkhorn, presented her husband with a girl baby on the 20th of September.

Taxi Service.

We make regular runs between Columbia and Campbellsville. Price reasonable. Miller Bros.

Mr. Claude Miller, a well-known contractor, was here last Friday, figuring with the officers of the Bank of Columbia for a new building. It will be several days before a conclusion is reached.

Mrs. S. C. Neat, County Court clerk, issued marriage licenses, last Wednesday, to Welby Holmes and Miss Ora Hatfield.



ANNOUNCEMENT

September 2, 1921.

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, makes the following announcement:

"We are making another reduction in the prices of Ford cars and the Ford Truck, effective to-day. The new prices average \$70.00 under former prices, and are the lowest at which Ford cars and trucks have ever been sold. List prices F. O. B. Detroit are now as follows:

	New Price	Old Price	Amount of Reduction
Chassis	\$295	\$345	\$ 50
Runabout	325	370	45
Touring Car	355	415	60
Truck	445	495	50
Coupe	595	695	100
Sedan	660	760	100

"This is the third price cut during the past twelve months. On September 22, 1920, the price of the Ford touring car was reduced from \$575 to \$440; June 7th to \$415, and now to \$355, making total reductions in this type of \$220, or 38 per cent. The proportionate reductions have been made in all other types. One year ago the price of the Ford sedan was \$975; to-day it lists at \$660 with the same equipment.

We are taking advantage of every known economy in the manufacture of our products in order that we may give them to the public at the lowest possible price, and by doing that, we feel that we are doing the one big thing that will help this country into more prosperous times. People are interested in prices, and are buying when prices are right.

"The production of Ford cars and trucks for August, again broke all previous high records, with the total reaching 117,696. This is the fourth consecutive month in which our output has gone over the hundred thousand mark, the total for the four months being 463,074, which has gone a long way in making possible the present reductions. June this year, with an output of 117,247 was the previous record month.

"One noteworthy feature of our sales is the increased demand for Ford trucks and cars for salesmen. This class of commercial business has been gradually increasing the past sixty days and we interpret it as a very good sign of improvement in general business.

"No reduction has been made in the price of the Fordson tractor, and none is contemplated."

Go over these new prices! See how little it costs to become the owner of a Ford car or a Ford truck. Can you really afford to do without one any longer?

Let us tell you more about it, and advise you regarding the delivery of the particular type of car in which you are interested.

The Buchanan Lyon Co.

INCORPORATED

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

Authorized Ford Agents.



The Three Inseparables
One for mildness, VIRGINIA
One for mellowness, BURLEY
One for aroma, TURKISH
The finest tobaccos perfectly aged and blended

20 for 15¢

★ FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

We have a good proposition to offer several fine men in this section. For full particulars, address, Singer Sewing Machine Company, Danville, Ky. 50-4t

Found, a gold ring. The owner can have same by calling on me and describing the same.

Dr. S. P. Miller,
Columbia, Ky.

Wheat Drill for sale.
L. M. Smith, Cane Valley, Ky. 49-2t

See Miller Bros and get their rates for quick and safe transportation, to Campbellsville and Columbia.

The assessed valuation of property in Adair county, coming from Frankfort, is \$5,732,933.

BIG SHOE SALE NOW ON.

Over Five Thousand (\$5,000) Dollar Stock.

Over One Hundred (100) Styles to be Closed Out in Thirty Days, Regardless of cost. Now is your chance to get your Winter Shoes and Save Money. Come and look them over, if you need Shoes you will buy. If you cannot come, please or write, Shoes will be sent on approval.

L. M. SMITH
Cane Valley, Kentucky.

Lindsey-Wilson Training School

Prepares for College of Life

Courses in High School, Gr-ds.

Music and Expression, Athletics

Rates \$162.00 a Year.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 6, 1921.

R. V. Bennet, Prin. - - Columbia, Ky.



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Incorporated

Spectacles and Eye Glasses

Kryptok

(Invisible bifocal lens)

Artificial Eyes

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Louisville, Ky.

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UPSTAIRS

COLUMBIA, KY

We call special attention to Ladies Ready-to-Wear Department. All the latest styles in Dresses, Suits, Coats, Odd Skirts, Blouses, Petticoats, Underwear, etc.

Russell & Co.

Taxi service to any place you wish to go, and our rates will be reasonable. Miller Bros.

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

...sitting sycamores, to a point within twenty yards of the office and supplies building. Then they made a dash across the open space, and Ben Littleford, with one arm bound up in a red-stained blue bandana, opened the door for them.

"Who else is hurt?" panted Dale. "Little Tom," answered Littleford. "Saul, Little Tom, he got a bullet under the shoulder. Saul, he got one in the right thigh the same place. They've riddled the whole father side of the house to splinters. They're coming for you."

"They'll get all they want of me," Dale growled.

He turned and ran up the rough stairway, and Ben Littleford and the Morelands followed close upon his heels. At the front and side windows, looking anything they had been able to find that would stop a bullet, knelt Littlefords with rifles in their hands, steadily watching for a human target to appear on the mountainside above. Saul and Little Tom lay in a corner, where they were fairly safe from passing bullets. Hayes had bound up their wounds as well as he could with the material at hand. They were weak, white and helpless and suffering, but still full of the old Littleford fighting spirit.

Dale seized his Winchester and shot of cartridges from the hands of the man who had brought them to him, and turned to the others. A bullet crashed through the wall and struck the floor at his foot; he paid no attention to it.

"Listen to me, boys," Dale was shouting his cartridge-belt with rapid, steady fingers. "From where they are looking, the Balls and Turners can hardly see the lower story of this building. We'll go downstairs, open the front door, and run to the edge of the barrels at the foot of the mountain. Then we'll turn to the right, make a wide detour, and get above the Ball outfit; we'll be fighting downhill instead of uphill. Get me? Are you all ready?"

"Those men, they were ready."

They reached the thick undergrowth without being seen by the enemy. While the Balls and Turners stood more or less aimlessly at the building, drank white whisky and smoked drunkenly for the surrender to Dale, Bill Dale and his men were making their way steadily in a wide half-circle up the side of Moreland's mountain.

Half an hour after they had left the office building, Dale had stationed his men, deployed as a line of skirmishers, behind sheltering trees some two hundred feet above the Balls and their kinsmen.

John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Bill Dale were not far apart. "It's a shame to do it," said Dale. "I swear, we can't shoot men in the back like this."

John Moreland, twisted his mouth into a queer smile of contempt, and so did Ben Littleford. They knew, far better than their leader, the ways of that people without a principle. The Balls and Turners wouldn't hesitate to shoot them in the back!

"Well," John Moreland replied, and it was almost a sneer, "ye might go down there and give 'em some candy, and kiss 'em, and ax 'em won't they please surrender!"

Dale leaned around his tree, a great grunted chestnut, and called boldly: "You've got a chance to surrender

now—and you'd certainly better take it quick!"

One of those below yelled surprisedly: "Who're you?" Then they all whipped to the other side of their sheltering timber.

The answer came at once: "I'm Bill Dale, and I'm peeved! You're at the mercy of the finest hill clan that ever looked along rifle barrels; will you surrender, or fight it out?"

"You said it—we'll fight it out!" cried a burly cousin of Black Adam Ball, deceased.

"You're on!" growled Bill Dale, slipping his rifle out beside the tree. "Give 'em h—l, boys!"

He was unused to this sort of thing, and he was incautious. He showed a little too much of himself—there was a sudden keen report from below, and a bullet hole appeared in the rim of his hat! John Moreland fired the next shot, and he broke the right arm of the man who had just fired at Bill Dale. This opened the battle in earnest.

Soon the thunder of the many rifles became almost a steady roar. The air was filled with the pungent odor of burning powder. Bill Dale emptied the magazine of his repeater, and sank behind the big chestnut to fill it again with cartridges from his belt. Bullets now whined on both sides of him; they cut greenish white furrows in the bark of both sides of the tree, and knocked up little spurts of black earth to his right and to his left; they cut off twigs within an arm's reach of him. A dozen Balls were now firing at him, seeking to avenge the death of their kinsman, the Gollath. John Moreland's strong voice came to him through the din and roar: "Don't show no part of yoreself now, Bill; ef ye do, ye'll shore be hit!"

Dale fired again, pumped a fresh cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and slipped another into the magazine, and arose behind the chestnut.

"Down, Bill!" cried John Moreland.

If Dale heard, he gave no sign of it. He fired four shots rapidly, and before the wind had carried away the blinding smoke he was behind another tree and shooting toward the Balls again. Soon there came a short, loud peal of laughter from his left; he turned his head and saw Ben Littleford taking a careful aim at a long angle toward the side of a boulder. Then Littleford fired, and a puff of stone dust showed that his bullet had gone true to its mark.

"What's that for?" demanded Dale. "We haven't any ammunition to throw away!"

"Why, Bill," replied Littleford, "didn't ye never bounce a bullet off a rock and make it go toward a man ahind of a tree?"

It lasted hotly for two hours, but the casualties were comparatively few, because there was so much cover available. From the beginning the Balls and the Turners had the worst of it, which was due to uphill shooting, white whisky, and lack of the iron that makes real fighting men. The cartridges of those below were giving out; they had fired too many shots needlessly.

"It's about time to rush them," Dale said to John Moreland, who had crept up beside him.

"Just give the word," Moreland nodded.

A few minutes later, Bill Dale sent the wings of his line down the mountainside, forming a half-circle of his force once more; then the whole line rushed, surrounded the enemy and called for a surrender.

But the Balls and their kinsmen wouldn't give in yet. They left their cover and started to run, found themselves facing Morelands and Littlefords in every direction, clubbed their rifles and fought. It was not true courage that prompted them to offer resistance; it was utter desperation; they had never been givers of mercy, therefore they did not expect mercy. Dale's men forebore to fire upon them, which was at Dale's command, and met them with clubbed rifles. The woodland rang with the sound of wood and steel crashing against wood and steel. Everywhere there were groans and threats and curses from the losing side, victorious cries and further demands for a surrender from the winners.

Bill Dale, ever a lover of fair combat, threw down his repeater to grapple with a big North Carolinian whose clubbed weapon had been knocked from his hands. The two fell and rolled down the mountainside, locked in each other's arms.

And then one of the Balls struck Bill Dale across the head with the butt of his empty gun, and Bill Dale slackened his arms and lay as one dead.

He was lying under cover in a hand-carved black walnut fourposter, and it was night, when he opened his eyes again. Above him he saw the bearded faces of Ben Littleford and John Moreland, and they looked haggard and anxious in the oil lamp's yellow light. Suddenly Moreland spoke:

"Dead—nothin'!" jubilantly. "Look, Ben; he's done come to! Ye couldn't put him in a cannon and shoot him ag'inst a cliff and kill him, Ben! I hope ye're a-feelin' all right, Bill, shore."

Dale realized everything quite clearly. He put a hand to his head; there was a wet cloth lying over the swollen place.

"He shore give ye a buster of a lick," drawled a voice that Dale instantly recognized as that of his worshiper, By Heck. "Danged ef Cale Moreland didn't might nigh it beat him to death, Bill!"

Many men crowded to the bedside and smiled at him, and he smiled back at them. Soon he asked:

"Did you capture the outfit?"

"Every durned one of 'em," answered John Moreland. "They're all shet up tight in the downstairs o' the office buildin', onder gyard. The' ain't but one of 'em plumb teetotally dead, fo' a wonder; but the's a whole passel of 'em hurt. I've done sent Luke to town on hossback, after a doctor fo' you and Saul and Little Tom; and he can tend to them crippled Balls, too, I reckon, ef you think it's best. What're we a-goin' to do with them fellers, Bill?"

"We're going to take them to the Cartersville jail," Dale answered promptly.

"I had a different plan 'an that planned out, John," said By Heck, winking at Ben Littleford. "I had it planned out to hang 'em all on a big green hemlock as a Christmas tree fo' Bill! Some devilish rough Christmas eve ye're a-havin', Bill, old boy, ain't it?"

"Rather," smiled Dale. He closed his eyes. His head ached, and he was somehow very tired.

Within the hour he went to sleep, and when he awoke it was daylight on Christmas morning. Ben Littleford, half dressed, was stirring the coals to life in the wide-mouthed stone fireplace. Dale felt better than he had expected to feel; he greeted Littleford with the compliments of the season, arose and dressed himself.

Littleford had just gone with a handful of kindling wood toward the kitchen, when there was a low, light tapping at the outside door of Bill Dale's room. Dale arose from his sheepskin-lined rocker before the cheery log fire, went to the door and opened it. Before him stood a slim, barefoot boy in the poorest of rags; in the pitifully slender arms there was something wrapped rather loosely in crumpled brown paper. Dale did not remember having seen the lad before, but he knew it was no Littleford.

"Come in, son," he invited cordially—"come in and warm yourself. My goodness alive, it's too cold to go barefooted like that! Haven't you any shoes, son?"

"Shoes?" muttered the boy, queerly. "Shoes?"

He was shivering from the cold. His thin face looked pinched and blue, his eyes big and hollow. Dale stooped, picked him up bodily, carried him to the old rocker he had just vacated, and put him into it with hands as gentle as any woman's.

"H—l," began the boy, staring hard—"what—"

"Now stick your feet out and warm them, son—that's it," and Dale chafed the poor little, dirty, half-frozen feet and legs.

"Son," he went on after a moment, his heart throbbing out of sheer pity, "you go to the commissary clerk and tell him to dress you up like the crown prince of England, if he's got it, and charge the same to the account of Bill Dale. It will be my Christmas gift to you, little boy. What's your name?"

The lad turned his surprised black eyes upon the face of the big and sun-browned man.

"Are you Bill Dale?"

"Yes."

That which the boy said next struck



"So you're Bill Dale. Well, D— My Soul!"

the big and sunbrowned man with all the force of a bullet.

"So you're Bill Dale. Well, D— my soul!"

"Don't, buddy, don't!"

The boy went on: "My name, it's Henery. I come here with a Christmas gift fo' you." He pointed a dirty forefinger toward the bundle in his lap. "But you ain't a-goin' to git it now."

"Why?" Dale asked smilingly. "Why? Shoes —at's why. H—l, did I ever have any shoes afore? Barefooted as a rabbit. That's me. Barefooted as a d—n rabbit!"

"Son," protested Bill Dale, "you're entirely too small to swear. You mustn't do it, y'know."

"Yes," quickly, "I'm small, I'm small to my age. I'm done twelve year old. I've been measured fo' the go-backs."

"Measured for the go-backs," laughed Dale, "what's that?"

"Why," soberly, "when ye grow liller 'stid o' bigger, ye've got the go-backs. Maw, she measured me with a yarn string out o' a stocking which had been wore by a woman seventy-seven-year old, and 'en she wrapped the yarn string around the door-hinge.

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality

We state it as our honest belief that the tobaccos used in Chesterfield are of finer quality (and hence of better taste) than in any other cigarette at the price.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

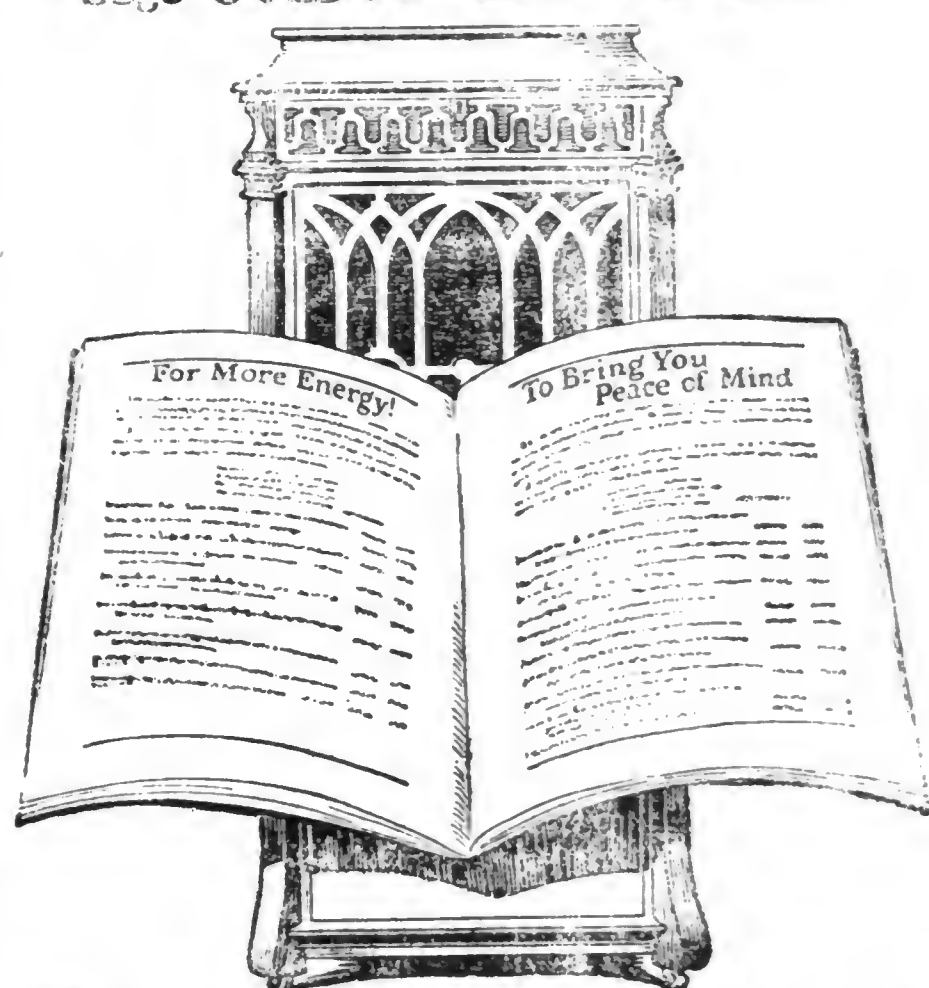
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CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"They Satisfy"

The NEW EDISON



The Greatest Phonograph takes another forward step!

MOOD MUSIC!—Mr. Edison's latest music discovery. It's a plan by which you can benefit from good music—beyond mere entertainment.

Mood Music helps you control your mental and physical well-being. It soothes, refreshes, cheers. Space does not permit our telling more about it. Fill out the coupon and bring or mail it for a copy of the wonderful booklet, "Mood Music."

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If you do not own a New Edison we will gladly loan you one on three days free trial—so you can learn what Mood Music and the New Edison will do for you.

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Please give me a free copy of Mr. Edison's new book, "Mood Music."
Name _____
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If you wish 3 days of Mood Music in your own home, check here ...
No charge or obligation
Y/A

TO BE CONTINUED

Tom Slaughter, the notorious bank robber and murderer, is again heard from. He was on the penal farm, near Little Rock Ark. Some one from the outside slipped him a repeating rifle. He went to a window and shot and killed one man and fatally wounded two other guards. Slaughter was given the rifle last Sunday week. After shooting the men mentioned above, he went to another window, shot and killed another man. He then made a rush for the open, but was stopped by a lifer. He is wanted in Barren county for robbing the Cave City Bank.

The movement of grain bars and thus prevent America from getting her share. It is very large and as increasing. Europe is again in the market for American grain. And if such a foolish policy that it seems to border upon insanity. If the Republican party in the nation were determined to commit suicide it could not think up a better way to do so. But the country is not thinking so much about the fate of parties as about its own fate. Something should be done to avert this terrible disaster.—Louisville Post.



"Give 'Em H—l, Boys!"



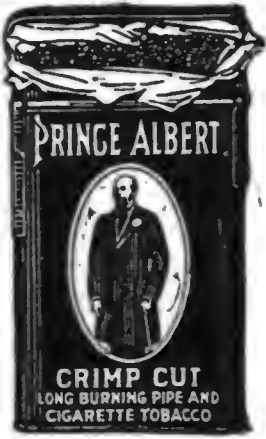
Me-o-my, how you'll take to a pipe—and P. A.!

Before you're a day older you want to let the idea slip under your hat that this is the open season to start something with a joy'us jimmy pipe—and some Prince Albert!

Because, a pipe packed with Prince Albert satisfies a man as he was never satisfied before—and keeps him satisfied! And, you can prove it! Why—P. A.'s flavor and fragrance and coolness and its freedom

from bite and parch (cut out by our exclusive patented process) are a revelation to the man who never could get acquainted with a pipe! P. A. has made a pipe a thing of joy to four men where one was smoked before!

Ever roll up a cigarette with Prince Albert? Man, man—but you've got a party coming your way! Talk about a cigarette smoke; we tell you it's a peach!



Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tins, humidors and in the pound crystal glass humidors with its sponge moistener, top.

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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

The Louisville

COURIER--JOURNAL

The Great Paper of the Southland

The Courier-Journal is ably edited; it is sane and dignified in its handling of news; it is fearless, yet fair, in its editorial utterances; and it always will be found the champion of clean government.

The Courier-Journal surpasses all its competitors in equipment for getting the news of the day, because it has not only the Associated Press dispatches but the full wire service of the New York Times. In addition it maintains staff correspondents at Frankfort and at Washington.

No Kentucky Home Is Complete Without It

By special arrangements we are now able to offer

The Daily Courier-Journal

AND THE

Adair County News

Both one year, by mail, for only \$6.00

Outside the city limits of Columbia

This offer applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions, but only to people living in Kentucky, Tennessee or Indiana. New subscriptions may, if desired, start at a later date, and renewals will date from expiration of present ones.

If you prefer an evening newspaper, you may substitute The Louisville Times for The Courier-Journal.

Send or bring your orders to the office of

THE ADAIR COUNTY NEWS
Columbia, Ky.

Advertise In The News

Lincoln county has subscribed its quota to the Burley tobacco pool and Boyle county has added 400,000 lbs. to the first day's drive.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has worked out a plan of combining all the railroads in the United States into nineteen systems.

Fatty Arbuckle was released on a bail bond of \$5,000, being held by the court in the examining trial for manslaughter in the killing of Miss Rappe.

Breeding.

We are having lots of rain now and our roads are making us think of real winter.

The spelling, at this place, was largely attended last Friday night. Our school is progressing nicely under Mr. Hurt and Mr. J. E. Pulliam.

Miss Cordia Fudge is real sick at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenis Reece visited Mr. Ara Strange's Saturday night.

Mr. Jimmie Patterson of Bliss spent Friday night with Mr. J. M. Simpson.

Mr. J. R. Shopard, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. R. P. Breeding, for some time, left for Nashville Friday.

Brother Reece, of Columbia, will begin a revival at Chestnut Grove Oct. 2.

Mr. G. W. Dillon made a business trip to Columbia this week.

Dr. H. B. Simpson conveyed Mrs. R. T. Baker, of Amanda-ville, to Louisville last week to be operated on for appendicitis.

Her sister and brother accompanied her.

Mrs. Herman Yarbber is better at this writing.

Mr. W. R. Roysse and family visited J. M. Shives Sunday.

Our dry goods drummer Mr. Collins was calling on our merchants this week.

Nell.

The farmers are now busy making sorghum and cutting corn.

Rev. Lee Pendleton and Rev. Whitlock have been carrying on a protracted meeting at this place. There was one conversion and the church greatly revived.

Pauline Walker is in Campbells-ville at school and James Hunter is in school at the L. W. T. S. in Columbia.

Born to the wife of Noah Jesse, a boy baby. Noah is all smiles.

Mr. Will Walker who is teaching school here is getting along nicely and has a good attendance.

Maggie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Reese who has been very sick, is improving at present.

Luther Bell of this place is teaching school at Price's Creek and is getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Walker visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kinnaird of Red Lick, last Saturday night.

Leo Taylor's funeral was largely attended. She was born and reared at this place. We all loved her as she was near and dear to us but God took her from this earthly home to a better one and he doeth all things well. Peace to her memory.

Pellyton.

Mrs. Susie Sanders is visiting her son Frank, in Cincinnati.

Mr. W. O. Burton has just returned from Hot Springs Ark.

Rev. Marvin Perryman and wife are visiting relatives at Dunnville.

Born to the wife of Tom Sanders on Sept. 23, a son.

Mr. J. T. Lemmon is on the sick list this week.

Mr. John D. Lowe was here this week.

Mr. S. S. Goode, Berry Cox and

the Wolford brothers were here this week.

Koy.

Cutting corn and making sorghum is the order of the day in this section.

The tent meeting which was conducted at this place by Rev. Hur and others closed last Sunday. They went from this place to Sano, where they will conduct a few weeks meeting.

Mr. R. A. Epperson, wife and children, who visited his mother at this place, have returned to their home at Wadsworth, Ohio.

Mr. Ulysses Cravens, who has been in declining health for some time, remains about the same.

Mr. Matthew Leach had the misfortune to lose a nice mare by lightning some time ago. Also a nice mule colt belonging to J. E. Bailey was killed at the same time.

Mr. W. W. Holladay has his new dwelling house about completed at this place.

Mr. B. O. Hurt attended the State Fair from this place.

Misses Iva Holladay and Thelmo Burton started to Berea, Ky., to attend school, last Monday.

Mrs. Olie Conover was very sick a few days of last week.

Mr. John Calhoun, who has been very low with typhoid fever for several weeks, is improving at this time.

My Elder Brother.

He brought me forth as gold tried in the fire,
That I might be a blessing to some other,
For holiness of heart my soul did aspire,

That I might be like my elder brother.
There is nothing to compare with his infinite love,

It is beyond the love of the fondest mother,
And as he looks down from his home above,
He is not ashamed to be called our elder brother.

Oh, I expect to behold him with these eyes,
For I love him far beyond any other,
And I hold him now as life's sweetest prize,

Since he has become my elder brother.
And when I reach my sweet home above,
I want to see Him first above all other,

And I will praise Him there for his sweet love
That made him become my dear elder brother.

Closkey Blair,
Lake City, Iowa.

Ozark.

The protracted meeting at Shiloh is progressing nicely conducted by Bro. Luther Young. Large crowds and good order each service.

Mr. Alvis Montgomery and wife, of Broadus, Montana, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. J. B. Montgomery of this place.

Mr. B. B. Montgomer, Misses Lula Bailey and Maud Bryant made a flying trip to Campbells-ville last week.

Mr. Hallie Huff of Louisville, was visiting his parents recently.

Mr. Malcom Leach is at home for a few days.

Mr. Ollie Corbin and family, of Cane Valley, visited the home of Mr. Josh Montgomery, Thursday.

Miss Mary Reeves has had great success this year in the poultry business. She has a hands at present seventy three ducks ready for the market.

A number of friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. Josh Montgomery last Tuesday evening to congratulate the newly weds. A bountiful supper was served, the most unusual feature was that the table was lighted with the same candles which gave light for the wedding supper of the bride's grandfather and grandmother Montgomery fifty three years ago, it being the first time the candle had been lighted since that time.

Cane Valley.

We are glad to state that Mr. A. H. Judd who has been seriously sick is slowly improving.

Messrs. Buck Bailey, of Okla., and Bro. Nattie of Ark., are visiting relatives in this place.

Mrs. T. A. Furkin, of Columbia, was visiting her Aunt, Mrs. Malinda Montgomery, who fell and crippled herself last week.

Rev. Owen T. Lee and wife, who have been with us for four years left last week for Berea-ville. Our loss their gain. We say we never had better people with us.

Ruell Edrington is making two trips to Louisville every week with his truck.

J. C. Sublett and family of Louisville, were visiting here last Saturday and returned home Sunday.

Judd Bros. who have been working in Monticello, was called home last week to be with their father, who was sick, will return in a few days. They are highly pleased with the Wayne County people.

Born to the wife of J. L. Vaughan a 10 pound son, Sept. 30.

News from Switzerland, where the representatives of the League of Nations have been in session, is to the effect that, that body not only does not propose to interfere with the Disarmament Conference at Washington but is preparing to defer its own disarmament plans in the hope that it may accept what is accomplished at Washington. But what will Henry Cabot Lodge think of this? He hates the League of Nations so heartily that it would not be surprising to see him make some sort of a public protest against that body profiting by anything the United States of America may do. But the fact remains that the League of Nations, through its governing committees, is showing a broad and tolerant policy in standing aside to permit the Disarmament Conference to reap any credit that may be attained by working for disarmament. Louisville Post.

Trainmen on the railroads have deferred strike action although ninety per cent. have voted for a walkout.

England needs 8,500,000 hens to get back to the former consumption of eggs in that country, which was 120 per person.

Miss Spencer Entertains.

Probably a number of people who attended the recital given last Thursday night, Sept. 29, by Miss Elizabeth Spencer and Mr. Emil Bertl at the Christian church were at first puzzled and disappointed when they discovered a phonograph cabinet occupying the center of the stage.

They hardly were reassured when Mr. Emil Bertl appeared on the stage and announced that Miss Spencer had been delayed and, rather than disappoint the audience, a RE-CREATION in called it of Miss Spencer would be played on the phonograph. Our suspicions were confirmed. We were to hear only a phonograph. But little did we dream what an amazing phonograph it was, Miss Spencer's golden notes, emanating from the grille of the New Edison, soared over the auditorium in all their beauty. Suddenly we heard another voice, or rather the same voice, coming from behind the scenes. Miss Spencer had survived and was singing in unison with her RE-CREATED self. She continued singing while walking toward the New Edison. The effect of two voices, of the same exquisite quality, coming from two different places, was indeed a new sensation and brought under its magic spell. Miss Spencer reached the side of the New Edison and during the remainder of the song, paused from time to time, apparently at random, and permitted her RE-CREATED performance to be heard alone. This gave an opportunity to compare one with the other, and it is no more than just to state that there was not the slightest shade of difference between RE-CREATED voice and original voice.

In the course of the evening similar tests were made by Mr. Emil Bertl with the same miraculous results. There must have been a slight difference in volume when the artists stopped singing or playing but it was not noticeable for the tone which came from the cabinet was round and luscious with all of the vibrant, pulsating quality of that which came direct from Miss Spencer's throat and the instrument of Mr. Bertl. It was only by watching the singer's lips or the piano keys that one could be sure when they sang or played and when they did not.

This proof was convincing. If it were not another proof was offered. After Miss Spencer had commenced to sing one number, the lights were turned out—ostensibly so that the audience could not watch the singer's face.

It did not seem difficult to determine in the dark when the singer sang and when she did not. The writer was pretty sure about it himself until the lights were turned on again and it was discovered that Miss Spencer was not on the stage at all and that the New Edison alone had been heard.

Back in the Basile.

Albert West, charged with malicious shooting, who escaped from the Adair county jail five months ago, was caught last Thursday morning about 5 o'clock. Jailor Tarter, Deputy Sheriff Geo. Coffey and Walter Tarter, started on his trail last Wednesday night. They went to his father's home in the extreme East end of this county, entered the barn and found him asleep in the second story. He readily surrendered and the officers brought him to Columbia and landed him in jail. He did not have any arms, but cartridges were found in his pocket. He will be given a trial at the coming term of circuit court which convenes in November.

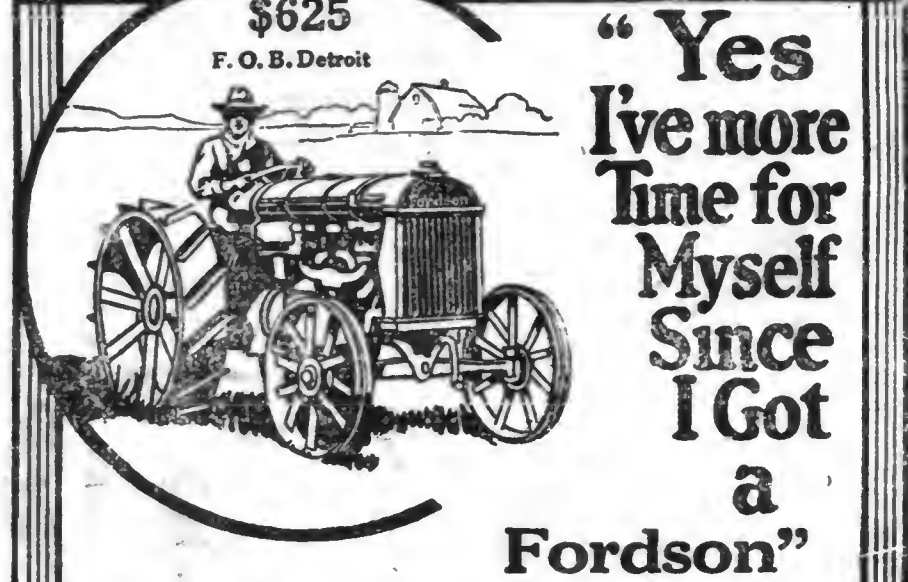
The officers of this county also went with the Sheriff of Casey county and found a man named Crockett, who is charged with uttering a forged check. He was carried to Liberty jail.

Bakery Changed Hands.

Mr. Jo Nance and Mr. Geo. O. Barnes are now the proprietors of the Columbia Bakery, having bought Mr. L. W. Bennett's interest. They will give the highest prices for butter and eggs and will furnish the best of bread and cakes.

40-2t

Fordson TRACTOR



"Yes I've more Time for Myself Since I Got a Fordson"

The Fordson Tractor is taking much of the drudgery out of farm life; it is solving the labor problem; it is reducing the cost of preparing land by almost one half of what it was with horses; and it is saving one third to one half of the farmer's time; and making farm life more attractive.

The Fordson will run your threshing machine—and at the most opportune time for you. It will operate the milking machines, saw your wood, fill your silo, pump the water, and take care of every kind of belt work—

And don't forget—it will plow six to eight acres in a ten hour day, handling two plows with ease.

Thus the Fordson is the ideal year-round tractor. It will pay for its fall and winter keep in many ways.

There's a big story to tell you about the Fordson—and a true one—come in and get the facts. Or, if you prefer, telephone or drop us a card and we will bring them to you.

The Buchanan Lyon Co.

INCORPORATED
Columbia, - Kentucky.



Carey SHINGLES

THESE shingles do not rot, the nail heads that fasten them do not rust off, they do not dry out, curl or split, wind does not loosen them.

This is because the body of the shingle is made of wool felt saturated and built up with Carey tempered asphalt which protects the nail heads and makes the shingle elastic, flexible and permanently water-proof.

Carey Shingles meet the requirements of building laws and fire underwriters. They are surfaced with crushed slate which is spark-proof.

They are offered in red or green shades—the natural fadeless slate colors. They require no paint to keep them permanently beautiful. Place your order early.

DAVIS HARDWARE CO.,
Columbia, Kentucky.

The people of this community are glad that at the recent Conference Rev. R. V. Bennett was returned to the Church at this place. In fact, it would be a hard matter for a minister to fill his charge here. They were also gratified at the return of Rev. T. J. Wade as Presiding Elder of the Columbia district. It is one of the most difficult in the Conference to get over, but Rev. Wade gets over it nicely and is doing good work.

Adair County News, \$1.50 per year.

Millinery Announcement.

A visit to our Millinery department will be nothing less than a revelation to you. Hats at old time prices now ready.

49-2t

Russell & Co.

Our Mens Furnishing Department is showing the latest in Shirts, Ties, Collars, Shoes, Hats, Clothing, etc.

Russell & Co.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at Public Outcry on my farm one mile east of Ozark, on the Jamestown road,
Saturday, Oct. 15
to the highest and best bidder, on 12 months time, the following property:

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 team of work Horses. | 1 Riding Cultivator, six shovel. |
| 1 registered Aberdeen Bull, 2 year old. | 1 Walking Cultivator. |
| 1 pure bred Holstien Bull. | 4 Double Shovels. |
| 1 Aberdeen Bull calf. | 1 A Harrow. |
| 2 good Milk Cows with young calves. | 2 cultivating Harrows. |
| 3 good stripper cows. | 1 five plow Cultivator. |
| 3 Jersey heifers due to calves. | 1 Roller. |
| 2 Aberdeen heifers due to calves. | 1 Wheat Drill. |
| 9 Ewss and one extra good Buck. | 2 Wagons, size 2 1/2 |
| 6 Lambs. | 1 Wagon, size 2 1/2. |
| 8 head of Goats. | 1 Rubber Tire Buggy. |
| 22 fat Hogs. | 1 Ford Touring Car. |
| 15 Shoats. | 1 double set of Driving Harness. |
| 2 good brood Sows. | 1 single set of Driving Harness. |
| 1 Sow and 8 Pigs. | 2 sets of Wagon Harness. |
| 1 Poland China Boar, Large Type. | 1 set of Blacksmiths Tools. |
| 1 Mowing Machine and Rake. | A lot of other things too numerous to mention. |
| 1 two horse Disc. | About 18,000 feet of Oak and Poplar Shipping Lumber. About 8,000 feet of shipping cull Lumber. |
| 2 Vulcan turning Plows No. 12. | |
| 1 Vulcan turning Plow No. 11. | |

B. O. HURT.

J. S. Breeding, Auctioneer.

W. M. SMITH'S
Splendid 161 Acre Farm

SUBDIVIDED

At Absolute Auction

On The Premises

Tuesday, October 18, At 10 a. m. Rain Or Shine.

This good farm is located in Casey County two miles from Dunnville on the Dunnville, Middleburg and Liberty Turnpike, one of the very best pikes in the county. It is close to school and churches and in one of the very best neighborhoods in the county. It is familiarly known as the "Thomas B Smith" farm. Ninety acres of this splendid farm in rich Green River bottoms that will produce anything and the 71 acres in upland has fine timber, rich coves etc.

Improvements consist of dwelling of five rooms, tenant house of three rooms, stock and tobacco barn, combined 30 x 50, good crib that will hold 500 bushels, shed attached and all other necessary outbuildings.

Fine water, good well at house, a number of everlasting springs, Green River etc. Splendid garden

An ideal location, strong, rich productive land. A Money Maker and Dividend Producer. A safe, sane conservative investment. You don't have a chance every day to buy this size farm located as well as this one on main pike, etc. Land is the fundamental of everything in God's Universe. The root of all riches. You can't eat three times a day, have houses to live in, clothes to wear, etc., without land. And there are untold millions to be fed, housed, clothed, etc., and no more dirt being made to take care of the population that is rapidly increasing all the while. Put your dollars in the bosom of Old Mother Earth and you will never have cause to regret it. Your dollars invested in dirt like this are sure to yield big returns. Mr. Smith has fully made up his mind to do BUSINESS. He is game to the core and his word is always his bond. REMEMBER OUR CONTRACT CALLS FOR AN ABSOLUTE SALE WITHOUT RESERVE, BY-BID OT LIMIT. He has instructed us to SELL. And the last bid on sale day is going to get a deed to this desirable property. He is leaving it Absolutely with YOU to say what it is worth let the result be what it may. Look this property over carefully and meet us there on sale day TUESDAY OCTOBER 18TH AT 10 A. M., and pound your bids at her.

ABSOLUTELY FREE. To the person guessing closest to what this property will bring we will give \$5.00 in gold. Terms exceedingly easy and made known on day of sale. For full particulars, etc., see, write or phone either the owner, W. G. Smith; Dunnville, Ky., or

Hughes & McCarty, Stanford, Kv.
Col. J. B. Dinwiddie on the Block.